

Hoskins
A N

E L E G Y

On the D E A T H of

The Rev. JOSEPH HOSKINS,

Late Minister of the Gospel in BRISTOL,

Who departed this Life, SEPTEMBER 28, 1788.

400
Aged 43 Years.

B A T H:

Printed and Sold by S. HAZARD;

Sold also by MILLS and BURGIN, Bristol; and RUSSELL,
BRADFORD.

E L E G Y

On the Death of

The Rev. JOSEPH HOSKINS



Who departed this Life, September 23, 1838

AGED 43 Years

Printed and Sold by S. HAZARD

and by others and Dealers, Boston and Fitchburg
Dedicated

A N

E L E G Y, &c.

TIME, rolls along, and wide extends his sway,
And iron-hearted death, sweeps all away ;
He casts his never failing dart around,
And cuts the dearest ties which nature bound.
Alike, the young and aged, feel his pow'r ;
And, good and impious, reach the fatal hour ;
Wealth ne'er can stay his arm, nor beauty save,
His fated victims, from the gloomy grave.
Here parents groan, and mourn their children dead,
And *there* the wife, bewails her husband fled.
Now Hoskins too, this lower world has left,
And Zion weeps, as of her joys bereft.

When stately forests, strip'd of verdure stand,
And fleecy snow falls gently o'er the land ;

Fair nature drooping, mourns her honours fled,
 And all her beauties number'd with the dead:
 So now, his church, sits pensive, and forlorn;
 Laments her pastor from her bosom torn;
 And cloth'd in sable, does his deeds rehearse,
 And all his former acts in mournful verse.

With eager zeal through early youth he ran
 In heav'nly courses, for the good of man;
 Nor did he change 'till unrelenting death,
 Burst the strong bands of life, and stopt his breath.
 He spread the precious gospel far around,
 And list'ning crouds receiv'd the joyful sound:
 The conqu'ring Saviour triumph'd o'er his foes,
 And sweetest fragrance from his word arose.
 As children, round their father's knees, while young,
 With eager looks are list'ning to his tongue;
 So, *sabbaths*, to his flock gave fresh delight,
 While Hoskins' still increas'd their heav'nly light.
 With holy fervour oft' their souls he'd bear,
 Before the throne of God, in earnest pray'r;
 That fraught with blessings rich, they might descend,
 And civil life, with christian graces blend.
 But now, on yonder willow, hangs his lyre,*
 Which oft' celestial rapture did inspire,

With

* Mr. H—— had a talent for poetry; and it was his usual practice to compose a hymn on the subject of his sermon; many of these are left in manuscript.

With sweetest melody their hearts to raise,
 And reach the heav'ns, in high resounding praise.
 Not merchants labour to increase his store,
 Nor soldier's thirst for spoils, and conquests more,
 Could e'er surpass his heav'nly bounty's flow,
 Some cheering comfort to the mortal woe,
 From morn 'till latest night, with all his power,
 He scatter'd blessings, like the vernal shower,
 But sympathy no more shall move his breast,
 O'er poverty, with sickness join'd, oppress'd,
 No more their griefs he'll hear, nor seek their cell,
 Nor lib'ral hands relieve where misery dwells.
 Ye naked ! mourn your kindest patron dead :
 Ye hungry ! weep for your supply of bread.
 And ye forlorn ! whom darkness led astray,
 Lament the friendly guide who shew'd your way.

While thus to friendship, tribute just is paid,
 No off'ring base shall at her shrine be made ;
 Perfection now, belongs to none below,
 Dear Hoskins felt it, and bewail'd it too.
 An unsuspecting mind with gen'rous aim,
 In some unguarded moments, led to blame.
 But candour, from tumultuous passions freed,
 Hath heard the cause, and sentence thus decreed ;
 " While virtues rais'd him far above compeer,
 " *Excess of kindness*, was his blemish here."

But

But now his soul has reach'd the happy place,
 Where sin and sorrow shall for ever cease:
 His arduous race was run; his toils were o'er;
 His soul has reach'd the celestial shore.

He felt his father's love,
 And his name was mine' above.
 He said, his spirit took its flight,
 To realms of everlasting light.
 Angels shew'd the road,
 To meet his father, God.

It was on that sacred day which God's command,
 Pointed to be kept in ev'ry land;
 When all his church to hear the word were come,
 His journey ended, and he reach'd his home.
 Some one, perhaps, within himself thus said,
 ' Our pastor won't be numb'ed with the dead;
 ' God still will spare him for his churches good,
 ' That he may feed his lambs with heavenly food.'
 But, alas! what grief each soul oppress!
 What bitter anguish pierc'd each pious breast!
 When one who came the dreadful tidings bore!
 That their dear, honor'd pastor, was no more!
 How flow'd the copious tears from ev'ry eye!
 How ev'ry throbbing bosom heav'd a sigh!
 While numbers left the place, at home to find,
 A vent for grief, and ease the troubled mind!

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 The mournful solemn day, at length
 To bear his body to the gloomy tomb,
 The church behind the corpse in silence,
 And by their tears their great affliction move.
 A vast encreasing croud encircles round,
 Who stop up ev'ry way, and fill the ground,
 Thus followed once the widow's son at Naim,
 A croud like this, the mourning was the same,
 The weary pilgrim *there* reclines his head,
 And rests his body, on his native bed,
 Amongst innum'rous saints beneath the ground,
 Who wait the last tremendous trumpets found.

But O my sluggish mortal pow'rs arise,
 And pierce the limits of these lower skies;
 View him ascending to yon happy place,
 With heav'nly splendour shining on his face,
 See there! a troop array'd in glorious drefs!
 Who eager round the blest immortal press!
 Whence, and who are they? 'tis a pious band,
 Whose wants he once reliev'd with liberal hand;
 Who

* About five hundred of his congregation, in regular order, followed him to the grave.

† Supposed to be seven or eight thousand.

Who now attend him, and his kindness own,
 In one day, ere he before the throne.
 Hail happy soul! thy sing, ascend above;
 And deem thy lot the great Immanuel's love!
 Celestial bliss the region fills,
 And ecstasies the heav'nly hills.
 When his toils are past,
 Enter the expected port at last,
 Where his wealth his labours well repays,
 And where his happiness he spends his days.
 Brighter than the sun which gilds this sky,
 Thy Hallelujahs th' angelic hosts on high,
 Who sweep their heav'nly lyres, and ever sing
 The glories of their everlasting king!

Let angels imitate the saint who's flown,
 To realms of light, and seas of bliss unknown;
 Then when the king of terrors comes, they'll sing,
 And ask the conquer'd monster, "Where's thy sting?"



T
TT
A
A
W
T
A
T
A
T
A
W

L
A
V
W
Sec
W
W
W